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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Western Wind.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant streams,
And mountains rising, blue and cold, behind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's bower is twined.
So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
Breath of the blessed heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad
Our earthly way!

Shall it Ever be Thus?

A MORAL TALE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Te sine, vae misero mihi, lilia nigra videntur,
Pallentesque rosæ, nec dulce rubens hyacinthus,
Nullos nec myrtus, nec laurus spirat odores.

—*Calphurnius Græcus.*

Scarcely had Von Schrinckenbach disappeared beyond recall, before a negro page, in brilliant but fantastic livery of crimson and dark blue with gold buttons, suddenly made his appearance, and bowing low before Von Lünchengrab, presented him with a delicate rose-tinted and perfumed note on a silver salver. Von Lünchengrab cleared his throat audibly several times to attract attention, and then, with a grand military air, took the note and read:

"Prof. Parkes presents his compliments to the Herr Count Von Lünchengrab, and much regrets that a slight misapprehension in regard to one of the Nine Muses (for the whole family of whom Prof. Parkes, equally with the noble Herr, has ever cherished sentiments of undying esteem) should have caused so melancholy a perturbation as that which has recently ensued. As the Professor is constitutionally, as well as conscientiously, opposed to duelling in all its forms, it is hoped that these few lines may be deemed an equivalent."

"Quite so!" exclaimed Von Lünchengrab, magnanimously. "Honor is now satisfied. My sable young friend," continued he, addressing the negro page, "tell the bar-tender to give you a glass or two of champagne, and charge the same to my account." So saying, with a final glare of defiance upon the assembly, he buttoned his mili-

tary *surtout* across his broad but empty stomach, and stalked forth.

Meanwhile Von Schrinckenbach, in an agony of apprehension, was threading his way, trembling at every shadow, through alleys and bye-ways, to his solitary lodgings. Arrived there, he first locked the room door, and then unlocked an iron safe, in which his riches, principally in the portable form of jewels, were deposited. Selecting from his wardrobe a hollow leather belt of huge proportions and vast capacity, he crammed it to repletion with diamonds of the first water, until it resembled a gigantic sausage. Then hastily putting on the disguise of an itinerant knife-grinder, he concealed the belt beneath his rags, gathered his loose cash into a pocket-book, carefully secured the various locks by which his doors were fastened, and slipped furtively out by a postern gate. He had hardly proceeded two steps before he was arrested by a police officer to whom he was personally a stranger.

"Stop, thief!" immediately exclaimed the officer, judging by his guilty looks. "What! you have been robbing the rich Von Schrinckenbach! Don't deny it. We have been directed to keep a sharp look-out in the neighborhood of that gentleman's lodgings, as he is known to have vast treasures there. Come with me immediately to the police office."

In vain did the victim protest that he was himself Von Schrinckenbach. His appearance was against him, and the assertion was too absurd.

It was late at night when they arrived at the police office, and there was no one there that knew Von Schrinckenbach. He was searched, of course, and his captors looked in amaze at the untold wealth of diamonds that glittered under their greedy eyes. This indeed was worth all risks even to the police officers. Von Schrinckenbach marked the covetous gleam of their unholy gaze as they gloated over the jewels.

"Oh! gentlemen!" pleaded he, "the tale I tell is true. Send for any one that knows me! Send for the Mayor—any one at all; and give me back my own!"

"Maniac and robber!" they laughed. "Thinkest thou that we can believe so ridiculous a tale, that a man should rob his own house? No, no, man! Abide here for the night. Justice shall be done thee in the morning." And they pushed him into a cell and locked him up.

There were two of them, Wolfgang and Foxenthaler. Wolfgang was the one who had arrested Von Schrinckenbach. He was a hardened wretch who had been a robber once, but had turned States' evidence against his accomplices, and had been subsequently selected as a policeman on the principle: "Set a thief to catch a thief." What Foxenthaler was, nobody knew. He was a wiry wizen-faced man compared with his large and muscular comrade.

They walked on silently, each carrying one end of the precious belt, and each thinking of how he might dispose the other of its charge. To have proposed to share the booty between them would have been the safer plan; but each was too avaricious for that. Nothing was said by either of what each was conscious was passing in the other's mind.

At length they reached a totally deserted thoroughfare—blank walls on either side. Wolfgang gave a sudden and violent twitch, expecting, no doubt, to take Foxenthaler unawares. But the latter held fast—the belt was in his left hand and in Wolfgang's right. Maddened by failure, Wolfgang doubled his left fist, and dealt Foxenthaler a blow in the face; and now the strife commenced in earnest.

"What!" said a third party, with a numerously convolved pipestem, stepping up. "Two officers of the peace engaged in mortal fray!" It was the Orientalist.

They had dropped the belt, and were wallowing in the mire, rolling over and over, each endeavoring, with raised stiletto, to inflict a mortal wound. The words of the Orientalist startled them, and Wolfgang, the more impressible of the two, lost his presence of mind, and was immediately stabbed to the heart by his opponent.

The Orientalist picked up the belt, keeping his eyes fixed on the survivor, and covering him with the six loaded barrels of an elegantly mounted revolver which he had just drawn from his sash. "Explain this!" he quietly remarked, with the air of one accustomed to settle such matters.

"Give up that belt, sir," said Foxenthaler, with all the firmness he could muster, trembling as he was with the excitement of the dreadful struggle. "It is in my keeping—having been taken from the person of a suspected robber, who is now awaiting trial in the police office. My comrade, knowing that its contents were precious, sought to carry them off from me, by force, and thus himself becoming a thief, I deemed it my duty to frustrate his nefarious designs, even at the risk of my life."

"Does the law arm policemen—with the stiletto or with the *baton*?" coolly asked the Orientalist.

Foxenthaler made no reply. The Orientalist signed him to march forward. He sullenly obeyed the sign. The Orientalist followed, still bearing the precious belt, and keeping his pistol pointed at the miscreant.

Let us now return to Von Lünchengrab; whom we left, I think, on the threshold of the saloon, hesitating as to where he might find a supper and lodging for the night. His means were completely exhausted. His landlord had that morning turned him out upon the street, seizing what furniture he had to pay part of his long-standing arrears of rent. Such friends as still noticed him repelled all attempts on their hospitality. "Well," said he; "it is a warm night after all, and one may sleep on a doorstep without fear of taking cold."

He perambulated the more frequented streets as long as there was any one stirring, for he loved the society of his fellow-men, strangers and unsympathetic as they might be and he still cherished the hope of picking up some chance acquaintance who would afford him shelter for the night. But as the throng became reduced to a few belated stragglers, he turned from the better lighted streets to hide his homelessness in some dark nook. As he was slowly wending his way in the darkness of one of the most obscure neighborhoods, his foot tripped against the prostrate form of a man.

"Some drunkard," said he, "unable to find his way homewards. I will help him, and so perhaps obtain an invitation to pass the night beneath his roof. Ho! friend! wake up! Ha!—what is this? Blood!"

It was the still warm corpse of Wolfgang, and before he knew it, Von Lünchengrab had dabbled his hands and clothes in the oozing crimson flood.

(The *suite* by and by.)

Solon's Interview With Cræsus.

One of the most remarkable incidents in the life of Solon is his interview with Cræsus, king of Lydia. By his public measures and his beneficial enactments, Solon had become one of the most popular men in Athens. And not to that city alone was his fame confined, for the many distinguished persons who for various reasons at that time left Greece, spread his fame throughout all parts of the civilized world. It was thus that the fame of Solon's prudence and wisdom had reached Sardis, the capital of Cræsus's empire, a city then flourishing in riches and honors. The favorable terms in which Solon was mentioned excited in Cræsus a great desire to see him: accordingly he sent a message to the sage, entreating him to come and reside with him. Solon, however, returned the following answer: "The friendship which you have testified for me I highly value; and I appeal to the gods that unless I had long ago resolved to live in a free state I would prefer your kingdom to Athens itself, during the tyranny of Pisistratus. But the manner of life which I have adopted I can enjoy in greater tranquillity in a place where all are equal; in order, however, to have the pleasure of being sometime with you, I shall pay you a visit."

In compliance with the solicitation of Cræsus, who displayed great eagerness to see him, Solon set off for Sardis. Passing through Lydia, he met with many *grandeesh* whose retinues exhibited all the splendor of regal magnificence. He imagined each of them, as they appeared in succession, to be a king. He was at last introduced into the presence of Cræsus, who was waiting for him seated on his throne; and purposely dressed in the richest habiliments that his wardrobe could afford.

In Solon there appeared no indication of astonishment at the sight of such magnificence. "My guest," said Cræsus to him, "fame has made me acquainted with your wisdom; I know that you have travelled much, but have you ever seen any one dressed with such magnificence as I am?"

"Yes," replied Solon, "pheasants, dunghill-cocks, and peacocks are possessed of something more magnificent, since all their brilliancy is the gift of nature, and therefore the acquisition of it free from care."

At an answer so unexpected, Cræsus was very much surprised. He ordered his servants to open all his treasures, in order to display before Solon all that was precious in his palace, and invited him a second time into his presence. "Have you ever seen," then said he to him, "a man happier than I?"

"Yes," returned Solon: it is Tellus, an Athenian citizen, who in a very polished state has lived an honest man. He has left, with a comfortable living, two children who are much esteemed; and, finally, he himself died under arms while gaining a victory for his native country. The Athenians have erected a monument to him in the very place where he lost his life, and have distinguished him with great honors."

At this answer Cræsus was no less astonished than at the former. He now thought Solon a fool. "Well, then," resumed he, "who is the happiest man after Tellus?"

"There were in former times," answered the philosopher, "two brothers, one of whom was called Cleobis, the other Bito. They were possessed of such bodily strength that they were always victorious in all kinds of combat, and they were perfectly united in affection. On a certain festival day, their mother, whom they tenderly loved, and who was a priestess of Juno, was obliged to sacrifice at the temple. Perceiving that too much time had been spent in bringing the oxen by which she was to have been drawn thither, Cleobis and Bito yoked themselves to the car and drew their mother to the destined place. The people loaded them with a thousand benedictions. Transported with joy, their mother entreated Juno to bestow on them 'that which was most to their advantage.' When they had finished the sacrifice and enjoyed the repast, they went to bed, and—both died that night."

Cræsus could no longer conceal his indignation. "How!" replied he, "do you then find no place for me among the number of the happy?"

"O king of the Lydians!" replied Solon, "you are possessed of great riches and are the sovereign of many nations, but to so great vicissitudes is human life subject that it is impossible to decide on the felicity of any man till he has finished his career. How many wealthy and opulent mortals are there found who are not less miserable than they are rich, and many a poor one, on the other hand, who lives happily on his moderate means. As one country does not bear all kinds of productions, so also it is impossible for one man to be possessed of all advantages. The gods only too often bestow the favors of fortune upon poor mortals to plunge them afterwards into the last of calamities. Time is continually producing new accidents. Till the combat be finished, confidence in victory is premature."

Cræsus, still dissatisfied, dismissed Solon, and never desired to see him again. Æsop, who was then at Sardis, where he had been sent for to come to amuse Cræsus, was much chagrined on account of the bad reception given by the king to a man so deserving of honor.

"O Solon," said he to him, "princes ought never to be approached; or if they be approached it should be only with a design to say, in every case, what is agreeable to them."

"On the contrary," replied Solon, "there is no case in which a man ought to approach them but in which he should offer them the best advice he can, and always firmly to adhere to truth."

The event proved but too clearly the truth of Solon's assertions. Having been so induced by the ambiguous answer of the oracle at Delphi, which foretold to him the destruction of a great empire, Cræsus engaged in that fatal war against the Persians which ended with the overthrow of his own power, wealth and luxury. He was defeated several times with great loss, and finally obliged to retire to Sardis, where after a siege of fourteen days he was taken prisoner. He was brought before Cyrus loaded with chains, and was raised upon the top of a pile of wood, bound in the middle of fourteen Lydian youths, to be there burnt before Cyrus and the Persian court.

When fire was put to the pile, Cræsus in this pitiable situation recollected the saying of Solon. Sighing, he exclaimed: "O Solon! Solon!" This excited the curiosity of Cyrus; he sent to ask whether this was some god whom

in his misfortunes he invoked? Cræsus made no reply. At last, when constrained to speak, he exclaimed, with a sigh: "Alas, I have just named a man whom kings should have always near them, and whose conversation they ought to value more than all their treasures and magnificence."

Being urged to go on, "He is," he continued, "a wise man of Greece, for whom I sent for the express purpose that he might admire my prosperity. He coldly said to me, as if he wished to show me that it was nothing but a foolish vanity, that I must wait to the end of my life; that a man ought not to presume on a state of happiness which was subject to an infinitude of calamities. I now acknowledge the truth of everything he then told me."

While Cræsus was speaking, fire had been put to the bottom of the pile and was now rising to the top. Cyrus was very much affected with the words of Cræsus. The wretched situation of a prince formerly so powerful made him descend into himself. The consideration that a like disaster might befall himself in some future period of his life excited fearful apprehensions; he commanded that the fire be immediately extinguished, and, ordering the chains of Cræsus to be taken off, he subsequently treated him with becoming generosity and kindness. He is even said to have conferred upon him all possible honors, and to have largely profited by his counsels in after contingencies. He suffered him to enjoy not only the title, but even, according to many, the authority of a sovereign, under the mere restriction of not having the power to make war; thus relieving him, as Cræsus himself acknowledged, from the most burdensome duty of royalty, and enabling him to live much more happily, exempt from painful cares, and less exposed to the vicissitudes and reverses of fortune.

Modern Thought.

The human mind is ever active. Like a tortured Prometheus, it writhes and revolves by its own innate principles of action; and the amplitude of its conception astonishes even itself. Its insatiability forces it beyond the confines of the earth. It descends to the very foundation of science, and by the boldness of its flight rises to the highest and loftiest speculations. But when it has reached the boundaries of that space over which the human mind is permitted to range, it reaches the unknown, and discovers its own powerlessness. Thus have the greatest minds of all ages returned dissatisfied with the result of their search and study. The illusions they followed vanished, and when they thought to find light, darkness appeared; and they recoiled in affright at their own ignorance. The profound Pascal has remarked: "The sciences have two extremes, which meet each other. The first, the pure natural state of ignorance in which men are born; the other, great minds arrive at, when, having reached the utmost extent of human knowledge, they find themselves in the same state of ignorance as at first."

All human power has its limits. 'Tis but the Ruler of all that possesses infinitude. In His hand He holds the destinies of all; and Time, as he passes on, laughs at the predictions of philosophers, destroys the plans of men, and shows the vanity of all human projects. Yet our subject brings before us the names and works of those who set at defiance all authority; and like him who raised impious war in heaven, they cried, "Let liberty triumph,

and nature have its way!" One of these authors, in a distich addressed to youth, says:

"Believe not and know not, but doubt and doubt ever,
Reject Faith and Hope, though your heart strings should
serve."

And another apostle of the school of negation says:

"No clearness has response to my desires,
And naught is true, but pleasure's glowing fires."

We behold this literature, which the past three hundred years have produced, endeavoring to supplant religion, and usurp the power of Heaven; and in its stead, erect the worship of the goddesses Reason and Pleasure. The rule of law and religion, of submission and morality must go down, and from their ruins shall rise the sway of licentiousness and dissoluteness, covered by the veil of liberty. It is not, however, our intention to speak of the numerous literary evils that have visited the Christian world in the past three hundred years. But it is the present, the very age we call our own, that demands our attention. It challenges our attention and observation as Christians, and, in the name of all we hold most dear, commands us to oppose the giant strides of irreligion, as like a gigantic colossus it moves upon us. The very ties which bind the massive fabric of human society are threatened, and yet we supinely permit the destroyer to advance. The authority of parents is usurped, marriage is attacked and ridiculed in the very heart of a Christian country, giped at as an institution too antiquated for the days of Free-love and Plymouth Doctrines.

Society has grown drowsy in the lap of luxury. The doctrines of innovators and reformers attack the security of families. A poisoned literature has sown its ideas broadcast and seduced many understandings. The warning voice of the Church, as it portrays the fearful gulf before us, is disregarded by the present century, just as the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau neglected its warnings during the reign of Louis Philippe. It showed to their infatuated souls the glitter of daggers, and the gleam of poniards amid the gloom that enveloped them. That revolution is still fresh in our memories, and the wounds it inflicted are still open in the heart of France. The unanimous voice of veracious historians supports us in the assertion that that upheaval had its origin in the pernicious principles of atheism and infidelity infused into the public mind by the literature that flooded Europe for years before. Gaining strength as time sped on, it finally burst with all the force of pent up fury upon the Christian world. It felt the shock; for as the waves will always heave their mightiest billows against the rock that resists them, so also did the tornado of that commotion burst upon the adamant Rock of Peter. But the invulnerable fortress that Christ promised would never yield to human power foiled all its advances, and proved the ineffectuality of human strength to battle with that which is divine. Another galaxy of writers succeeded, who advocated the principles of their predecessors, and the work of perversion and demoralization still goes on. They endeavor to estrange the heart of man from its legitimate affections by the two rival powers that speak from the depth of his being: the spirit and the flesh. The manner in which these would guide man can be judged from the fact that all authority proves that the unregulated impulses of the heart can never point the true path to happiness.

The writers who produce the evil literature of our day boast of their independence and heap reproaches upon

the head of Religion, accusing her of violating right and liberty by demanding a submission outrageous to the very dignity of man. They say: "Why should the human mind be subject to any law?" The very bonds of nature cannot contain it. For far beyond the laws of God it has gone; and, goaded on by the pride of man, its ever restless spirit seeks another field of thought. Thus it is that the writers of to-day draw their readers. Perhaps by the subtlety of their plan they astonish, and by the boldness of their flight captivate, until the victim is irresistibly drawn into their meshes and surrenders himself passively to their ideas.

The vaunted "progress" of which we hear so much, when examined closely, and stripped of the tissue that surrounds it, consists chiefly in the alienation of the human mind and heart from their legitimate attachment to truth and religion. In the metaphysical deductions of Darwin and his followers we have an example of the progress of human thought in this progressive age of ours. Slowly and warily has been its advance since the estrangement from the Church of God. It only took three hundred years of private judgment and genealogical study to ascertain that man was not, as was formerly taught and accepted, like unto God Himself, bearing His image stamped upon his soul, but that, on the contrary, he was but an improved ape. Truly a magnificent conception, and well worthy of the source from which it sprung. When we behold the manner in which the human mind has taken advantage of its freedom, are we not lost in admiration of its liberators! The literature that is found upon the tables of people at the present day is sufficient to bring the blush of shame to every cheek; and, knowing its vitiating nature, it is not surprising that the minds of our epoch are contaminated. The plant that grows strong in the field or on the mountain side will, if deprived of the nourishment designed for it by Providence, show but a sickly and unfruitful, though precocious growth, and can the heart of man escape disease when removed from the atmosphere created for it by the Eternal Creator? Is it surprising that he degenerates day by day, when fed upon the infecting, corrupting, and damning food furnished by the Coryphæi of modern thought? Gentle words will not lull the lion; and the heart of man, unbridled, will force itself onward, defying all divine authority, and, affecting a contempt of heaven and hell, will boast of its freedom, while at the same time it is an abject slave to the visionary geniuses who follow the chimerical ideas of reformed sociality.

But there are also among the readers of our time ardent souls and gigantic minds who will never be satisfied. They look with supreme disdain upon the farces men and society are acting, and seek their desires beyond the mortal horizon. Behold the effects of Catholic teaching and principles, in contradistinction to those principles reproduced by the literature of which we spoke, upon other minds. But despite the sad and lamentable effect of this literature, nature will still assert itself. It still bears upon it the ineffaceable impress of the Infinite, and all the sophistry and impiety, all the perversion of fundamental laws and principles, cannot respond to the requirements of the soul. It is but the works of those whose writings breathe the perfume of Christianity; whose words strike responsive to her teachings, that can survive the criticism of time and bear the scrutiny of truth. A new phalanx of writers now present a formidable front to the enemies of religion; and

we may hope the hour is not far distant when the stream will engulf the evils produced, and bear to succeeding generations the bread cast thereon many years since. Truth is mighty and will prevail; and although falsehood may endure for a time, it cannot last; it must eventually succumb before truth, maintained by a Church whose works are as imperishable and indestructible as the power of Him who established her.

T. F. O'G.

A Queer Superstition.

The *Catholic Missions*, an excellent French magazine, for November, gives a very interesting letter of a catechist dated Tongue, June 5th, 1877. From it we learn the opinion of some tribes in China concerning the eclipses of the moon. The catechist writes that on February 27th he was in the village of Todshopoli, the residence of a great chief. In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened and terrified by great noise, clamors and shouts. Her an to the people living in the house to inquire the reason of the excitement of the populace. They listened for a moment, and then said: "Do you not hear it? the people shout because the he-goats are eating up the moon." The writer went outside and saw that there was an eclipse of the moon; the middle of it was dark, and the borders red, like blood. "Be quiet," said he to the crowd, "for the moon will be soon as bright again as ever"; but the noise prevented his voice from being heard. He then addressed himself to the bystanders, asking them why they made so much noise, and was informed that they wanted to scare and drive away the he-goats which, they said, were eating the moon. Then the people shouted: "Stop, stop, the moon belongs to us! Begone, begone; it is ours! Spit it out; it belongs to us." At last one side of the moon grew bright again, and considering this a sure sign that they had now frightened the goats, they cried louder and louder, nor did they cease until the eclipse had entirely disappeared. Proud of their success, they said joyfully to each other: "Now we have, at last, forced the goats to let the moon alone; if we had not come in time they would have destroyed it." The next morning the catechist asked some of the inhabitants of the village how they came to know that the he-goats were such great enemies of the moon. In answer to this question he was told that they had learned it all from their fathers; that not only the he-goats but also the frogs were sometimes bent upon the destruction of the moon; and were it not for the great noise which they made the moon would have been destroyed long ago. He then asked how they could distinguish whether the moon was assailed by frogs or by he-goats; they answered: "When the goats are endeavoring to eat up the moon, it is then red, because goats have a reddish skin; but when this is done by frogs, then the moon is black, because the frogs are black." Finally the catechist asked them: "Where are those frogs and he-goats? no one can see them; and how do they get up there?" To which the people gravely replied: "Those animals are not always up there; they gather in thousands near the place where the moon comes out of the earth, and as soon as it appears, they jump upon it and begin to feed on it, nor would they cease until they had consumed the whole, did we not raise so great a cry. Hearing the noise we make, the animals cannot digest what they eat, and must spit it out again."

P. H.

Scientific Notes.

—Padre Secchi is furnishing all the astronomical observatories of Italy with improved instruments.

—While blasting out the roadway of the Southern Pacific railway, vast stores of honey were found in the fissures and sheltered places of the rocks.

—Entomological specimens may be instantly and easily killed by dropping a bit of chloroform in the insect's head. No fluttering nor relaxation of the muscles is perceptible.

—Dr. Stamatakis has discovered another tomb in the acropolis of Mycenæ, making the sixth now found. This does not look altogether well for Dr. Schlieman's theory of the five tombs.

—The souring of milk during thunder-storms is very rapidly produced. Malvern W. Iles considers this to be due to the conversion of the oxygen into ozone; the ozone then forms acetic acid, and the acetic acid causes the precipitation of casein.

—The freezing point of ether lies below any degree of cold yet obtainable, though flocculent masses have been obtained in impure ether by applying a temperature of 31 deg. C., or about 102 degrees below the freezing point of Fahrenheit's scale.

—The French consul at Candia says that the use by Sir George Nares of the word palæocrystic in describing the impenetrable portion of the Arctic Ocean, is improper, and proposes, as a better designation, the epithet palæocrystalline. It is longer, too.

—The Japanese make a bird-lime, which not only snares birds, but which catches and holds animals as large as monkeys. Rats are easily caught by placing a board spread with this lime near their holes. The same substance is used for medical purposes, as a cure for wounds.

—Excavations are now being made in the vicinity of Alcudia, in the Balearic Islands, where, according to tradition, the Roman Necropolis formerly stood. Many beautiful articles have been discovered in the course of the digging, in the shape of lamps, ceramics, and other objects of artistic merit.

—An important invention is announced to have been made by Joseph Albert, the Munich photographer. By combining the ordinary photographic process with that pertaining to a peculiar printing press of his own invention, he is said to have produced images of objects with the finest shades of their natural color.

—The mode in which the Germans keep up their valuable superiority in chemical manufactures is shown in the fact that one of the largest chemical works in that country employs six resident chemists, with salaries varying between \$1,500 and \$2,500 yearly, and also engages the services of a celebrated chemist exclusively for theoretical work, paying him nearly \$10,000 a year. Such facts account for the industry and fruitfulness of the German chemists.

—Observations conducted by M. Henson, extending over a number of years, and by him reported to the *Zeitschrift zoologie*, have led him to the conclusion that infertile undersoil is rendered valuable by the action of earth worms. These worms open passages for the roots into the deeper parts, and also line these passages with a fertilizing humus, which, upon microscopic analysis, is found to resemble the two-years' old mold prepared by gardeners for flowering plants.

—The recent submarine survey of the Baltic, undertaken by the Swedish Government, took about eighteen hundred observations of temperature, and developed the fact that three thermal strata exist in the Baltic. The lines of separation are often sharply defined, and the difference in temperature is very decided. The upper stratum is warmed by the sun to a pretty high summer temperature. Under it was a cold layer, and under that a bottom layer warmer than the middle one.

—The "mad stone," reputed to cure hydrophobia, comes from various localities. That of our southern states is an aluminous mineral; the Ceylon stone is a black, highly polished substance. It was analyzed by Faraday, and found to be a charred bone. The Mexican mad stone

is charred deer horn. The virtue of all three consists in their power of absorption, and when applied to the wound they imbibe the blood, and with it the poison. Sucking the wound accomplishes the same result.

—The hieroglyphics of the Egyptian obelisks drew the attention of the learned men whom Leo X had gathered about his throne. The resuscitation of the sacred language of the Egyptians, of which the honor is claimed by the scientific men of our own day, really belongs to the *sixteenth century* (pray mark the epoch). Pierio Valeriano, one of the early preceptors of Leo X, wrote the *first* scientific work giving any special information on this symbolical writing. The value of his system may be questioned, but it cannot be denied that he has displayed a high degree of learning, sagacity, and talent in this kind of research.

—Mr. Arthur Nichols, in a communication to *Nature*, said that the claims made for the *Eucalyptus* tree as a dissipator of malaria will not hold good in Queensland, Australia, one of the headquarters of the tree—he having personally suffered from malaria in the midst of a dense forest composed of every variety of these trees, extending for several miles in every direction, the locality by no means noted for its swampy ground. Even the shepherds and stockmen suffer severely from febrile attacks. Neither does the odor of the tree, as claimed, exercise any influence detrimental to the existence of mosquitoes, as they flourish to such an extent in Australia, even in the *Eucalyptus* forests, as to render life a burden.

—A paper by Capt. Feilden, the naturalist on the Alert in the late British Arctic expedition, on the Mammalia of North Greenland and Grinnell Land, appeared in the *Zoologist* of August and September, 1877. The expedition discovered the most northern traces ever found of man—about six miles south of the eighty-second parallel—consisting of the frame work of a large wooden sledge, a stone lamp, and a snow scraper made out of a walrus tusk. This is the *Ultima Thule* of Esquimaux advance, and northward no vestige of a human being was ever found. Many other traces were discovered along the shores of Smith Sound to the southward, and collections were made which will throw much light on the vexed question of Esquimaux migration.

—Mr. Edward S. Morse writes from Tokio, Japan, that he has discovered a shell heap near Amori, which enables him to give positive evidence of a prehistoric race in the island. The deposit is about two hundred feet wide, and varies from one to six feet in thickness. It is covered by earth to a depth of three feet. As the heap is now nearly half a mile from the bay, the upheaval of the land must have been very great since the mound was first formed. In the deposit an immense quantity of ornate pottery has been found; but very few bone implements have as yet been discovered. There is an entire absence of flint flakes, and nearly so of stone implements. No human bones appear to have been contained in the deposit. The resemblance of this shell heap to those of New England is very interesting

Art, Music and Literature.

—Jules Verne is to write a biography of Christopher Columbus.

—Cesare Cantu is writing a "History of Pius the Ninth's Jubilee."

—Von Bülow claims that Schumann was as incapable of judging an opera as Rossini was of judging a symphony.

—"The Great Report on the Geological Survey of New Hampshire," by Prof. Hitchcock, will require a third volume in quarto to complete the work.

—The National Library in Paris received in 1876 no less than 45,300 publications as copyright deposits, multitudes of which were engravings or other art works.

—The London papers announce with bated breath the projected appearance of an annual entitled, "H— upon E—," which deals with the political incidents of the year 1877.

—Dr. Ciccone, the Italian political economist, is preparing for publication an important work on the "Emancipation of Women," to appear simultaneously in Italian and German.

—The Cobden club gave this year seven prizes for the most successful students in political economy in connection with the Cambridge University extension. Five of them were taken by women.

—The noted monk, Alcuin, occupied himself twenty-two years in transcribing a copy of the sacred Scriptures for the Emperor Charlemagne. This interesting relic is now in the British Museum, and is valued at £750.

—Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York city, has received from Berlin the celebrated "Holy Family," by Kraus, painted on the order of the Empress of Russia, but declined on account of the war. The reported price is \$20,000.

—The *Catholic Universe* is an excellent paper, well edited and lively, but we are afraid that a certain John J. Feron has been imposing upon it. By what right does he claim the authorship of the beautiful poem "If I Should die to-night"?

—Gustave Doré, following the example set by several painters of the present day, is now occupied upon a great work in sculpture, the subject being, "Death Suffocating Genius with Palm Leaves." The group is intended for the Exhibition of 1878.

—Early in January the whole of Shakespeare's historical plays, from "Richard II" to "Richard III" inclusive, are to be played at the Vienna Burgtheatre on consecutive evenings. The hundredth anniversary of the production of the first German version of "Hamlet" in Berlin will be commemorated by a special performance of the tragedy on the 17th inst. in that city.

—The Fine Arts Department of the city of Paris has under consideration a plan for placing in the great avenues of the city busts of all the historians who have illustrated in their works the life of the capital, and in the squares will be erected statues of notabilities whose career has been connected with it.

—The façade of the Italian compartment in the Paris Exhibition building on the Champ de Mars has excited the admiration of the French architects. Under various forms of columns, arches, royal and municipal coats of arms, there are painted portraits of illustrious artists, scientists, and poets.

—The new novel, "Homo Sum," by the well-known German Egyptologist, Dr. George Ebers, deals with the times of Constantine the Great. A reprint of the German work is announced for immediate issue here, and Mrs. R. C. Bell, the English translator of his "Uarda," is preparing an English version.

—Prof. Monier Williams is now engaged on two works—a continuation of his "Indian Wisdom" and an account of his recent Indian travels. The latter will be called "Studies of India and of Indian Religious Life," and will embody the results of his researches into the present condition of Hinduism and of the religious sects of the Indian peninsula.

—Boston has newly established the Massachusetts Society of Decorative Art, with aims similar to those of the New York society, as amply explained in *Appleton's Journal*. The New York society has been aided by the exhibition of the private collection of Mr. Marshall O'Roberts, and a loan at the Academy of Design of paintings, tapestries, embroidery laces, fans, porcelains, and faïences.

—Under the title of "Les Bas-bleus," M. Palme will shortly publish a collection of articles on literary women. The author, M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, says *The Athenæum*, entertains a strong antipathy against all female writers, and in the forthcoming volume will criticise more or less antagonistically Mme. de Staël, Lenormand, Sophie Gay, Emile de Girardin, George Sand, Daniel Stern, and other famous "blues."

—The Library at Paris is one of the finest in the world. It contains 86,774 volumes on Catholic Theology; 44,692 volumes on the science of language; 289,402 volumes on law; 68,483 volumes on medicine; 441,836 volumes on French History; and 155,672 volumes of poetry. The works on natural science are not yet catalogued. During 1876, 45,300 French works were added, and 4,565 foreign works, to the Library.

—M. Edward Terquem, of Paris, who represented the French book trade efficiently at the Centennial Exhibition, has lately come to this country to promote a satisfactory representation of the American publishing interests at the Paris exposition. Sufficient encouragement has already been offered him to make it probable that a display can be made. It is suggested that American text-books and the recent art publications should be made a specialty, as in these we can now compare most favorably with foreign productions.

—The Nun of Kenmare is just now publishing some new music, under the title of "Cloister Songs." "St. Agnes' Eve" the words by Tennyson and the music by Sister M. F. Clare, which is the first of the series, is a song dedicated by special permission to the Poet Laureate, and suitable for a mezzo-soprano voice. "The Bell of Kenmare," words and music by Sister M. F. Clare, is the second piece, suitable for any compass of voice; the third of the series being the "Morning Sacrifice," the words of which are by Father Ryan, and the music by the Nun of Kenmare.

—Reginald Palgrave has rewritten a little book which he published some years ago, upon the history and practice of the English House of Commons. He has endeavored to delineate the typical character of that body by quaint extracts from its journals, and by all the descriptive stories he could collect, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present session. He has also added a chapter to show how the relations between the crown and the parliament affect the usages of the house, and the position of its members regarding the expenditure of public money. The new book will be published early next year, by Macmillan & Co.

—Hans Christian Andersen, travelling along the Rhine, stopped at St. Goar, and inquired for the poet Freiligrath. He found the house, walked in and greeted the poet, sitting at his table busy with his papers. Said Andersen, in his pleasant tones, "I could not pass by without paying my respects to you." "That is kind of you," returned Freiligrath, coldly, somewhat annoyed at the intrusion, and far from guessing who his visitor might be. "May I ask your name?" "We have one and the same friend, Chamisso!" replied Andersen, quietly. The poet jumped from his seat with a cry of joy, and, exclaiming, "You are, then, Andersen!" threw his arms round his neck and hugged him to his heart. "You must stop here a few days," said Freiligrath, presently; "my friends will want to see you, and you must learn to know my wife, for you were the incidental means of our being married." "Ah! that is nice; but how?" "Well, we had a correspondence about your book, 'Only a Fiddler,' and that led to our getting fond of one another."

Books and Periodicals.

SYSTEMATISCHE ANLEITUNG ZUM SCHÖNSCHREIBEN. Von dem Professor der Kalligraphie der Universität zu Notre Dame, Indiana. In Eight Books. Published by Fr. Pustet, 52 Barclay Street, New York, and 204 Vine Street, Cincinnati. 85 cents per dozen.

We have here a system of Penmanship that deserves the attention of all interested in this beautiful art. We ourselves do not profess to be adepts in it, but having examined the best systems heretofore published both in this country and in Germany, we can conscientiously vouch for the superiority of this over all others that have come to our knowledge. To some this may seem a bold assertion, for one would naturally suppose the art of penmanship had reached a greater degree of practicability and elegance in Germany than could be expected in the United States. Nevertheless such has not been the case. As regards beauty and practicability this just published by Mr. Pustet has all the odds in its favor. It is handsomely gotten up too, in the finest style of lithographic art; the paper is of a superior quality, and, altogether, the work reflects credit alike on author, publisher, and lithographer. As far as appearances go, we have seen but one that surpassed it, and that was a higher book of penmanship, printed from steel or copper plates, published in Germany some years ago, and evidently gotten up with little regard

to expense. The characters in it would now be considered antiquated.

But the excellence of the present series lies not alone in appearance. It is evidently the result of years of study on the part of a practical teacher of penmanship for the grading is excellent, far superior to anything we have come across heretofore; from beginning to end of the eight books the student is led on by an easy gradation of *principles*, and *characters*, and *words*, simple at first, then more complicated as he advances, until the Eighth Book is reached. The style throughout is easy, free, and elegant, and, what is best of all, everything is grounded on strict principles. Every letter that we have noticed will bear close analysis in this respect. This is the first time that we have seen the great advances toward perfection made in English penmanship of late years fully embodied in the German—at least as much so as the angularity of their writing would allow; and as German seems to be a fixed fact here for years to come we are glad to see that its penmanship is keeping pace with the times. Of course other systems have to a greater or less extent adopted the principles introduced with such advantage in English, but only in the way of imitation, and where the German characters were diverse there they stopped. Here, however, we find, without any radical change of characters, the whole reduced to principles, similar to our own Spencerian system, —new principles being introduced when absolutely necessary, and only there, so as to simplify the system as much as possible without leaving out anything that would detract from its completeness. This, to teachers who take a laudable pleasure in their work and in anything that conduces to its success, is a point that is likely to be appreciated.

Diagrams of the principles, together with general instructions regarding them, explaining position, movements, etc., are given on the cover. One thing we do not like in this regard, and that is that the diagram and explanations are not given together, so that the eye of the teacher or pupil could go from one to the other without turning a page. These little matters are of importance sometimes, and we hope to see this one corrected. It is the only thing we could find fault with in the work.

—"Here," said Lord Byron, on one occasion, "is a little book on Christianity which has been sent to me, and which makes me very uneasy. The reasoning appears to me very strong, and the proofs alarming. I do not think you could answer them, Shelley; at least I am sure I could not, and, besides, I don't wish to do it. I am no enemy to religion, quite otherwise, the proof of which is that I am having my daughter (Allegra) brought up a good Catholic in a convent of the Romagna; for I think if we are to have any religion we cannot have too much. I am strongly in favor of Catholic dogmas."

—The invention of bells is attributed to Polonius, Bishop of Nola, Campania, about the year 400. They were first introduced into churches as a defence against thunder and lightning; and were first put up in Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, in 945. In the eleventh century, and later, it was the custom to baptize them in the churches before they were used. The curfew bell was established in 1078. It was rung at eight in the evening, when people were obliged to put out their fires and candles. The custom was abolished in 1100. Bellmen were appointed in London in 1556, to ring the bells at night, and cry out, "Take care of your fire and candle; be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead."

—The Governor-General of Algeria has sent 1,000 kilos of locusts, prepared and salted, to France as a substitute for the cod roe, and the result has been so satisfactory that Algeria is happy in contemplating the wealth her locust crop will bring her. Immense sums of money are annually spent by the fishermen of France in the purchase of cod roes, as bait in the sardine fisheries, but the salted and prepared locust comes cheaper, is more abundant, and is taken with better relish by the sardines. The locusts of Algeria, and the locusts that originate in the canyons of Colorado, are of the same species. Perhaps the farmers of the northwest will no longer consider the grasshoppers a burden, and it may turn out that the grasshopper canyons of Colorado are bigger bonanzas than her silver gulches.—*Ex.*

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, January 5, 1878.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame Ind., and of others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the ELEVENTH year of its existence, greatly improved, and with a larger circulation than at the commencement of any former year.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

A weekly digest of the news at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Examination.

Now that the Christmas holidays have been pleasantly closed, all minds are, or ought to be, intent on the coming semi-annual examination. We presume that the greater part of the students are ready for it, and will stand by their guns and never think of shirking a duty they owe to themselves, their professors and their parents.

To themselves they owe the preservation of their reputation as diligent and hardworking students; and those who may not enjoy that enviable reputation should surprise their professors and parents, and perhaps themselves, by coming out bravely, casting aside both fear and sloth, and passing a good examination. After all, it is only the real student that secures a firm hold in the traditions of a college. Some without being diligent may "distinguish" themselves, not always in the most desirable way, and may live for a few years in the memory of those who remain; but those who have a permanent hold on the memory of old residents distinguished themselves as diligent or successful students, no matter what the rest of their record may have been.

And certainly the students owe some return to the devotedness and care of their professors. Those who are engaged in teaching in the college have chosen that honorable profession from a love of it, from the high estimation they have of its dignity, and the conviction they have that as teachers of the young men of this country they are fulfilling one of the noblest missions that God has given to man. They are not men who are teaching for a few years to gain money so as to enable them to seek some other position in life; they do not perfunctorily perform their task as a thing they must do for a few years and then be happily released from as a distasteful labor. No indeed. They have devoted their whole life to the work of

education. For the past, many have taught right along in the college from the year they graduated; for the future, their life will be spent in the same labor of love as well as of duty. Such men deserve something, in return, from their pupils—they deserve not only the respect and affectionate regard that the students of Notre Dame have, as a class, always manifested towards their professors, but it is also their due that that regard be proved by attention to their advice, by diligence in following the course indicated by each professor, and especially by giving the professors the satisfaction of seeing their classes pass a good examination.

No less are the students bound in duty to their parents and friends to do their utmost to pass an excellent examination and show that they have not lost their time, or if they have lost some time, that they have made it up by redoubled exertions. No matter whether parents be wealthy or only in moderate circumstances, students are obliged in justice not to squander their parents' money by neglecting to make use of time and advantages which their parents have paid for. But to students with truly noble hearts, it seems to us that the greatest inducement for them to do their level best at next examination is the disappointment their parents will feel at receiving a poor report, and the inexpressible joy they will have on receiving a good report of the able manner their sons have sustained themselves in the semi-annual examination.

Want Develops Strength.

Many persons are under the impression that it is impossible to become successful in life without wealth, influence and friends. That those are great aids cannot be doubted, but it is not impossible to get along without them. No matter how destitute a man may be, if he has the determination he must succeed, and it is this very want that will develop his strength.

Did everything happen just as we desired, there would be no need of exertion on our part; but, fortunately, society is so constituted that if man desires any position he must use his faculties to attain it. It is this very want that compels us to exert ourselves; and the greater the want, the harder we must work to supply it. Want is the parent of all inventions. The compass was not required until navigators were compelled to cross unknown seas. Railroads were not built until a new country was to be settled. Telegraphing was not thought of until the people desired a quicker method of communicating their thoughts. We may suppose that many things will be accomplished in the future that the present age does not dream of, because we do not require them. Could we return to the world in a few hundred years from now, we should be astonished at the many new inventions, and doubtless our pride would be shocked to hear the people of our day called "old fogies."

If we glance at the lives of men who have become eminent we will be surprised to learn how little they are indebted to wealth or influence for their positions. We need not pass out of our own country for examples of men whom want compelled to use all their efforts to attain an honorable position in society. General Andrew Jackson, who had no superior as an honest patriot and man, is an example of what patience and perseverance will accomplish in spite of all obstacles that may be cast in our path. Benjamin Franklin's life proves of what little use wealth and

friends are in ascending the ladder of fame. The biography of Patrick Henry, and of Elihu Burritt, the learned black smith, and many others, will teach us that by earnest and well-directed efforts we can make up in a great measure for lost time, or at least that there is no excuse for giving up in despair.

We should not look upon disappointments as evils; they are, in fact, spurs to urge us on to redoubled energy. We would be ignorant of our strength were we never compelled to battle against an adversary. How many heroes are there who would be unknown were it not that they were compelled to fight against obstacles, and all their glory consists in their victory!

Strange as it may appear, adversity is a positive blessing to many. It makes them look with charity upon the faults and follies of others; it removes the charity of many persons from the head to the heart. Having suffered ourselves, we can sympathize with others, and thus the bond of fellowship becomes stronger. What compels us to labor for our support, but want? and this labor develops the body, promotes health, and at the same time prevents us from indulging to excess in pleasure.

All the human greatness to which the world has attained is due to the exertion of the mind or body in contending against obstacles that want has cast in our way. No matter if our path is strewn with thorns and the sky overhead is dark: if we persevere we will gain the main road, and when the clouds shall have rolled away we will enjoy the sunshine once more. Let us remember that no sorrow, no want or disappointment is so great that they could not be worse, that they are sent as trials; they are the furnaces that test our strength, and if received in the right spirit they will make us wiser, better and stronger members of society. If the difficulty of mastering a knotty problem in mathematics or abstruse argument in philosophy comes up to us, let us take heart and continue our studies, knowing as we do that the necessity of working will develop our strength so that we will be able to master not only these difficulties but other and greater ones that will arise hereafter. Our difficulties in the class-room are but a faint resemblance of those that we shall meet in after life, and if we encounter these present ones bravely, we will so increase our strength that when we come to walk the broad highway of the world we will be able to do so bravely and manfully.

Here at college, while we pursue our studies we should endeavor to imbibe the same spirit which animated our forefathers. It is while young that those principles should be acquired which make the good citizen, and we should endeavor to learn truly all that is necessary in order that we may not only acquire a name in the history of our country, but what is far better, make our influence felt as intelligent and useful citizens of the republic.

The Scholastic Almanac.

The most noticeable words on the title-page of the SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC, Mr. Lyons' neat little volume, are "Third Year." So it is that the waif that began what was supposed its ephemeral existence for the Centennial year has quietly but rapidly grown in strength and beauty until it has become a creature of delight in which all its friends have good reason to rejoice and be glad. It is gotten out in admirable style by the printer and binder, in which respect

it is certainly surpassed by no Almanac published for this year of grace.

As for the contents, besides the Almanac proper, which is after the manner of the best of these annuals, and the advertisements, which we are glad to notice both numerous and suitable to the high character of the publication, we find in addition a large space devoted to pure literature, grave and humorous, trifling and serious. The greater part of this being selected from the pages of the SCHOLASTIC, we shall say nothing of it, except that, in our judgment, the compiler has been most happy in the choice, both as to the excellence and variety of the articles. A very important addition to these, though, we must not fail to notice, namely that fine piece of word-painting "The Months." It is far superior to the piece of the same name by a well-known Brooklynite of questionable fame. In addition to its dainty coloring, quaint allusions, humor, and felicity of language, it has a peculiar value as being, we believe, the first attempt to give a correct description of the seasons and of the weather, as these are found in America, especially in this Lake Region. There is a wisdom in these humorous pages which "Old Probability" might study to his advantage. Heretofore our almanacs, and our novelists and poets for that matter, have given us English weather, and English seasons, rather than American. Although these pieces were not written for the SCHOLASTIC it is with no little pride that we claim their witty author as one of the most valued of our contributors.

The Almanac is an honor to the SCHOLASTIC, from which it is named and from which its articles are chiefly taken, and we congratulate the compiler on the success which has attended its publication.

Personal.

- John A. Quinn, of '65, is living in New York city.
- Joseph Beegan, of '76, is teaching school at Wabash, Ind.
- Charles H. Donnelly, of '73, is practicing law at Woodstock, Ill.
- Charles J. Hertich (Commercial, of '68,) resides at St. Genevieve, Mo.
- M. Blackburn (Commercial, of '76,) is teaching school near Lincoln, Ill.
- Rev. John A. Zahm spent his Christmas holidays at Huntington, Ind.
- Sebastian Wise (Commercial, of '73,) has a splendid situation in Alton, Ill.
- B. J. Baca (Commercial, of '74,) is in business at San Patricio, New Mexico.
- W. J. Ryan (Commercial, of '75,) is in the lumber business at Calumet, Mich.
- L. Philip Best (Commercial, of '75,) is in the wholesale drug business, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Joseph Neidhart (Commercial, of '76,) is in business with his father at Marquette, Mich.
- Rowland Hendrick (Commercial, of '67,) is with the Pittsburgh Oil Refining Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- John Kelly (Commercial, of '69,) has gone away out to California. It is said he is very successful in business.
- Stephen Kennedy (Commercial, of '76,) is living at Sharon, Pa. We have not been informed as to his business.
- Rev. Father Walsh, Director of Studies, spent a few days about New Year's Day at Watertown, Wis., recuperating.
- Mrs. Costello and her little daughter, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, have been spending the holidays at Notre Dame. Mrs. Costello has a son in the Minim Department here.

—Z. Vanderveer (Commercial, of '71,) is married and settled in St. Louis, where he has the reputation of being one of the most upright and successful business men of the city.

—A. Baca (Commercial, of '77,) visited us on New Year's Day. Mr. Baca is now in business with his father, who owns a large rancho in New Mexico, on which thousands of cattle are raised.

—John Coppinger, of '69, who lives in Alton, Ill., is quite successful in business and politics. He has two very fine boys, one of whom will shortly be old enough to attend class at Notre Dame.

—Vincent Hackman, of '71, is in the wholesale grocery business with Spaunhorst & Hackman, St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Hackman is doing remarkably well, as every one might have expected, for at Notre Dame he was a good student and liked by all.

—Willie Fletcher (Commercial, of '73,) is keeping books for McCormick & Co., wholesale grain dealers, St. Louis, Mo. Their office is in the grand Merchant's Exchange Building. Willie has grown quite tall. He enjoys the implicit confidence of his employers.

—Mr. Bliss, an old and highly esteemed resident of Mishawaka, paid Notre Dame a visit on Tuesday, and expressed himself much pleased with the beautiful appearance of the new Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart which has had much work done on it since he was here last, six months ago. He said it was without exception the most beautiful church he had seen in the United States, and he had lately paid some of our large Eastern cities a visit. The new altar, the windows, statues, paintings, etc., drew from him terms of unqualified praise.

—P. J. O'Connell, of '73, has been caned. The *Chicago Times* of January 1st says: "The retiring county agent, Mr. P. J. O'Connell, was made the recipient of a New Year's gift on yesterday afternoon in the shape of an elegant and costly gold-headed cane at the hands of his employees. The presentation speech was by Mr. W. C. Stevenson, and was fittingly responded to by Mr. O'Connell, to whom the affair was a perfect surprise. Mr. Bartholomae, the assistant agent, was also caned, and received his present, accompanied by a short speech, from Mr. James Gibbons. The party then adjourned to E. T. Perrin's restaurant and regaled the inner man. The affair proved a most pleasant one to all participants."

Local Items.

—We had a very heavy frost the last day of the old year
—There were many visitors at Notre Dame during the holidays.

—Barring a few slight colds, everyone is in the enjoyment of good health.

—The Senior Orchestra did good service during the holidays furnishing music.

—The Psalms sung at Vespers to-morrow may be found on page 75 of the Vesperal.

—The weather took a change with the beginning of the year and turned somewhat cold.

—The Minims say their trip to the farm was the most enjoyable one they have ever had.

—We this year saw a sight seldom seen in this part of the country—men ploughing in December.

—How does a sexton differ from a good religious man? The former preys on the dead, while the latter prays for them.

—Philodemics, Thespians, St. Cecilians, Philopatrians, and Columbians are now getting ready for renewed work. Success to all of them.

—The *Scholastic Almanac* for 1878 and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC for the remainder of the scholastic year will be sent to one address for \$1.25.

—On Monday last, the day before New Year's, the members of the Junior Department took a tramp to Mishawaka. They enjoyed the walk hugely.

—Those members of the Junior department who re-

mained at home last Monday when the majority tramped it to Mishawaka, partook of the hospitality of Bro. Crispinian.

—New Year's evening the sociable in the Senior study-hall was good. There were songs and dances and comic speeches and declamations, making the whole evening very enjoyable.

—Notwithstanding the weather was fine and navigation open on the lakes up to new year's, the boats were not out. They should have been taken out, if it were only for the curiosity of the thing.

—A stranger who happened by mistake to strike in here at Notre Dame thought it a very strange sort of town. No doubt the person whom he addressed thought the appellation of town just as singular.

—Now that the Christmas holidays are among the things that were, the Sunday evenings will again witness the reunions of the religious societies. May these societies go on with renewed energy in their good work.

—On Tuesday morning, January 1st, the faculty of the University made the usual New Year's call on Very Rev. President Corby. The address was made by Prof. Howard in excellent style, and was responded to feelingly and touchingly.

—At the sociable on Wednesday evening there was lots of fun. The Senior Orchestra discoursed music at their level best, and dancing, etc., was in abundance. Mr. Burger, in addition to those who appeared on former evenings, gave a good selection.

—While returning from the farm the Minims rendered a service to Mr. Ward, a farmer on the road, by informing him his chimney was on fire and assisting him in putting it out. The St. Cecilians did a like service to the same person some years ago.

—Classes recommenced on Thursday, Jan. 3d. Now that the holidays are over everyone should apply himself to earnest study. In a few weeks the first session of the scholastic year will be over. Make use of the time left to advance still further in your studies.

—To-morrow is the Feast of the Epiphany, when the Church celebrates the visit of the three Wise Men to Bethlehem to worship the new-born Saviour. The Epiphany is one of the greatest feasts in the Church, ranking with Easter, Pentecost, Christmas, etc., and is everywhere celebrated with the greatest pomp and splendor.

—The SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC for 1878, compiled by Professor J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, Ind., is on our table thus early. Besides the usual calendars, this Almanac, which is issued annually, contains a great variety of interesting reading matter and valuable information on various subjects.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

—The Notre Dame *Scholastic Almanac* for 1878 has just made its appearance, and it can be truthfully said that it is one of the most interesting almanacs ever presented to the public. Typographically it is very attractive, and Mr. Lyons, the compiler, deserves a great deal of credit for the wisdom he has shown in his selections.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

—We are gratified with the new opening before the *Herald*, of South Bend. On Friday week the paper was moved into the new and commodious quarters on 90 and 92 Main St. The office was filled with visitors, who all admired the thorough outfit of the office. We extend our hearty good wishes to the *Herald*, and hope it may see days even more prosperous.

—The Minims made a trip to St. Joseph's Farm on Saturday last. Anyone who has visited the farm on one of these excursions need not be informed that the boys had as fine a time as the season permitted. The farm folks, notwithstanding their usual home cares, are very hospitable and kind, and always have preparations made for the young folks when they visit them.

—We have received a very handsome and useful Almanac for 1878. It is a pamphlet, *The Scholastic Almanac*, issued at Notre Dame, Ind. It is gotten up in very handsome style, and contains, in addition to the usual amount of astronomical information, the complete Catholic calendar and sixty pages of admirably selected reading matter, both amusing and instructive.—*Chicago Times*.

—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* to be found in another column. The *Enquirer* is one of the live papers of the United States, and is well worth subscribing for. It may be wicked at times; it won't let you know whom it favors for the senatorship, and gives most provoking replies to correspondents, but it is a paper which we find hard to do without.

—A farmer lately met one of the Brothers at Notre Dame and asked him for information as to some place in South Bend that he wished to find. The Brother of course told him first where South Bend was, a mile and a half distant, when the farmer exclaimed: "Why! isn't this South Bend?" The Brother told him no, this was Notre Dame. "Well," he said, "I thought surely this was South Bend!" or words to that effect.

—At a "sociable" held last Saturday evening in the Junior hall the fun ran high. A jig in his inimitable style was danced by Mr. J. Prudhomme. Declamations were given by a number of young men. P. Hagan gave "Shamus O'Brien"; E. Arnold, "Tom Moore's Revenge"; C. Hagan, "Fontenoy"; and J. Perea, "The Polish Boy." Mr. Guy Williams gave a good stump speech. The instrumental music was furnished by the Senior Orchestra. Among others, Mr. Prudhomme gave a good song.

—The *Scholastic Almanac* for 1878, a neat little volume containing over 100 pages of reading matter, has been received. It is issued by the Notre Dame *Scholastic* printing office, and was compiled by Mr. J. A. Lyons, and contains a very full and complete calendar, a series of articles on the months, original poetry, and a number of essays. Typographically it is almost perfect, and in all respects the third annual shows a decided improvement over its predecessors, both of which were interesting and useful publications.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—The *Katholische Wochenblatt*, of Chicago—which commences the 19th year of its publication with the motto "In Nomine Dei—Im Namen Gottes"—gives in its last number a translation of the article on the "Organization of our Catholic Parish Schools," written by a friend for what the editor of the *Wochenblatt* is pleased to term "the excellently edited SCHOLASTIC." The *Wochenblatt* concludes by stating that it most cordially agrees with the views of the SCHOLASTIC on the whole matter. An endorsement of this kind, from such an ably edited and thoroughly Catholic paper as the Chicago *Wochenblatt*, certainly gives much additional weight to the measures above referred to, and, we hope, will be the means of pushing them into still more favorable consideration.

—Tuesday evening, the winding up of the holidays, was the most pleasant at Notre Dame. The most enjoyable feats were Messrs. Burns' and Prudhomme's clog-dances. Mr. Burns showed some fine steps and executed them well as also did Mr. Prudhomme, who has but one step, but his practice in that one made him quite proficient. The next was a double clog by Messrs. Devine and Burns. Mr. King Anderson then arose and delivered an oration. The fine appearance of the young orator and the many local hints dispersed throughout his oration, though somewhat trite, took down the house. Mr. J. P. McConlogue was then called on, and came forward and delivered an original poem on his school days at Notre Dame. The poem was well delivered and showed great signs of poetic talent. Mr. Bannon then arose and delivered "The Battle of Lundy's Lane" in a very effective manner, after which the Senior Orchestra played some fine selections, and then all retired.

—A gentleman who during the past few years has visited several colleges states that at none of them has he seen such a bountiful table spread for the students as at Notre Dame. Well, we have not heard many complaints on the score of board, but it is a well-known fact that people, young and old, are harder to please in this respect than in many others. It seems to do them an immense amount of good to grumble, whether they have reason for it or not, and when we hear young people speak of starvation fare at colleges at which they have been we take it for granted that it is in great part only an indulgence in the old chronic pastime in which splenetic nature takes delight. However, as our visitor remarked, there is no stint of good,

wholesome material for bone and sinew at Notre Dame. While the College faculty give mental pabulum the procurators are not idle. This is but right, however, and to the interest of both parties, since good wholesome food and plenty of it is needed by young people, and especially by students.

—On Wednesday, the 2d, at 1.30 p. m., the bell on the Campus rung out clear and sharp on the bracing frosty air, assembling the jolly Juniors. It appears that the kind Sisters at St. Mary's had sent them an invitation to visit their institution, and see all the beautiful sights that are there to be seen. So the whole department—at least all that the holidays had left behind—set off in high glee, accompanied by their prefects. They were received at the door of the Academy by Sister Angeline, who conducted them over the whole establishment. The chief point of attraction was the beautiful miniature of the Crib at Beth, lehem, in the chapel, with the representation of our Blessed Redeemer lying in the manger, watched by His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph, with the ox and the ass close by, and looking as natural as life. In front of the Crib were arranged one hundred and fifty of the prettiest little lamps we ever saw, containing each about a thimbleful of oil, but which when lighted would give forth a perfect mass of light, rivalling the milky way in the heavens, each little star distinct from its neighbors yet with them forming one grand whole. Having seen the curiosities, the company was then introduced to the refectory, where was spread a splendid lunch; all the treasures of the preserve closet seemed to have been called into requisition and lay heaped upon the tables, and the aroma of the rich coffee was food in itself. Everything was in abundance, the appetites in the finest order, and the waistcoats were soon stretched to their fullest tension. Before the boys took their departure, thanks were returned to the kind Sisters by a little fellow in true spread-eagle style, and all hoping they might be there again on that day twelvemonth, made their way home in glorious spirits.

—Our office-mate, the *Ave Maria*, comes out this week in a handsome new dress of type from the well-known and reliable foundry of Messrs. Marder, Luse & Co., of Chicago, and makes a decidedly neat and substantial appearance. The style of type adopted adds not only to the appearance of that popular little magazine but also enhances its value to the subscribers, especially the older ones. The border rules have been discarded, and the space hitherto occupied by them devoted to reading matter, so that while enlarging the type it gives even more reading matter than formerly. Increased economy of space and legibility of character have thus been gained, for while the body of the type is only one size larger, the printed face is nearly twice the size of that formerly used. The beauty and clearness of the type and printed page reflect credit alike on the type-founders and printers. We could ourselves wish to follow suit with the *Ave Maria*, but as is well known a college paper is anything but a remunerative affair from a pecuniary point of view. We believe that more than two thirds of the college papers published to-day are issued at the expense of their respective institutions, yet THE SCHOLASTIC is as well supported as a college paper could well expect, and though an exception to the general rule it does not leave any extra funds on hand. However, we take a pleasure in our work, and trust that our humble efforts are not unappreciated by our patrons, and the present and former students of the University. The flattering comments bestowed from time to time upon the SCHOLASTIC by our friends and the Catholic press at large while tending to encourage us in our humble efforts at journalism show also that THE SCHOLASTIC fills a measure of usefulness, humble though it be, and that its friends and patrons would not willingly forego its, we trust, not unwelcome weekly visit. If our friends, one and all, would make an effort and each send us one new subscriber we could hope at an early day to bring THE SCHOLASTIC out in a new and improved dress. The type at present used has done good service for over seven years, and might well afford to take a rest or go to the smelting pot preparatory to a new career of service. Surely the present subscribers of THE SCHOLASTIC could without much effort each obtain a new subscriber among their friends or acquaintance. We shall feel doubly grateful for any effort in this di-

rection, and hope all will at the beginning of the new year make an effort in extending its circulation and the measure of its usefulness, while we on our part promise that nothing shall be wanting towards giving them the benefit of the additional means they place at our command. Thanking our friends for their generous patronage in the past, we wish them each and all a happy new year—an early return of the good old *ante bellum* times, with plenty of money in the bank, provisions in the larder, and above all, a happy home and fireside.

Departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin for Europe.

On Sunday last a rumor being spread that Very Rev. Father Sorin intended starting the next day for Europe, whither business of the Congregation of which he is Superior General called him, the members of the Community at Notre Dame and the College Faculty decided to anticipate by one day the customary new-year's greeting to the venerable founder of the institution. They therefore waited upon him in a body, and through their respective spokesmen—Rev. Father O'Mahony for the Community and Prof. Ivers on behalf of the Faculty—expressed on the one hand their regret at his early and to them unexpected departure from Notre Dame, and on the other their felicitations and good wishes on the arrival of what they hoped and prayed would be to him a happy new year. Very Rev. Father General thanked the respective bodies as they called upon him, for their good wishes and prayers in his behalf, in terms that showed how unmistakably he appreciated the courtesies expressed by the spokesmen of the Community and Faculty, and the quivering lip and depth of language with which he responded gave unequivocal proofs how much the meeting and the early departure from their midst at such a time affected him. Those who surrounded Father Sorin had all, or nearly all, grown up from boyhood to manhood under his paternal eye; many of them had been students of the College during his presidency, and had gradually come to look upon him as one with the institution which he had founded, although for years past its management and care had devolved upon other and younger shoulders, since the unanimous voice of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and the approval of the Holy See had called him to the Superior-Generalship of his Order.

As the years advance it is not to be wondered at that these partings, though for only a short time, become more affecting. Very Rev. Father Sorin is now advanced in years, verging on the threescore and ten that are supposed to constitute the ordinary span of life, and at such an age the risks and eventualities of three-thousand miles of a sea voyage in winter must to a certain extent impress themselves upon him as well as upon all whose filial sympathies are excited for his comfort and welfare. Added to which the mishaps of last year's voyage across the Atlantic are still fresh in the mind of everyone at Notre Dame. All combined tended to make the congratulations and leave-taking on the 31st of December more affecting than usual. It is, we believe, the thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth time that Very Rev. Father Sorin has crossed the Atlantic on business connected with his Order. We wish him a happy voyage and a safe return.

Roll of Honor.

[In the following are the names of those students who during the past week have by their exemplary conduct given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. F. Arnold, W. Arnold, T. Barry, M. W. Bannon, J. Boehm, P. J. Cooney, J. E. Cooney, J. Coleman, W. L. Dechant, J. M. Devine, J. G. Ewing, L. J. Evers, J. J. Fitzgerald, R. Francis, G. Goble, A. Hertzog, T. Hale, A. J. Hettinger, J. P. Kinney, F. Keller, J. Kuebel, J. Kelly, A. Kenan, P. W. Mattimore, W. J. Murphy, H. Murphy, J. D. Montgomery, F. C. Mueller, H. Maguire, J. J. McEniry, P. F. McCullough, J. P. McConlogue, T. O'Grady, E. Poor, J. Rother, J. Rice, A. K. Schmidt, G. Saxinger, J. J. Shugrue, F. Hellman, G. Williams, F. Walter.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Abrahams, R. M. Anderson, J. M. Byrne, J. Berteling, H. Canoll, J. Carrer, T. Clarke, F. Carroll, G. Cassidy, W. Cannon, F. Cavanaugh, G. H. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, R. French, P. Frain, L. Garceau, J. W. Guthrie, J. A. Gibbons, C. L. Hagan, J. E. Halloran, A. Hamilton, C. E. Johnson, R. C. Johnson, J. Lumley, J. A. Larkin, J. L. Lemarie, J. D. McNellis, J. Matthews, T. P. O'Hara, J. S. O'Donnell, F. T. Pleins, R. C. Pleins, E. J. Pennington, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, M. Roughan, K. L. Scanlan, J. K. Schobey, W. Stang, S. P. Welty, F. Weisert, S. Perley, A. Sievers, F. Lang.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. A. McDevitt, J. A. Bushey, C. Crennan, Jos. Courtney, Jas. Courtney, J. A. Seeger, N. Nelson, F. Gaffney, R. Costello, P. Fitzgerald, C. Garrick, C. Welty, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, I. McGrath, J. McGrath, S. Bushey, C. Bushey, C. Long, J. Devine, O. Farrelly, F. Farrelly, P. P. Nelson.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—Misses Anna Lloyd and Kate Joyce, post-graduates, have been at St. Mary's for the past week.

—The ordinary reunion of Sunday evening was not held, as the holidays have left but few days for study.

—The music of Christmas was in admirable keeping with everything about the Chapel, and this constitutes very great praise.

—Miss M. E. Smalley, of Cleveland, O., and Miss Kate Spenser, of Port Huron, Mich., have visited the Academy the past week.

—On Monday morning the young ladies paid their farewell respects to Very Rev. Father General, C. S. C., on his departure for Europe. The warmest gratitude and most fervent prayers of all attend him.

—A cheap Christmas tree was manufactured on the 27th ult., and afforded a great amount of merriment. Mother Superior honored the distribution of gifts with her presence and made some very pleasant remarks. Everybody seemed in the best of spirits.

—The midnight Mass was one which exceeded in beauty anything of the kind seen before at St. Mary's. The arrangement of the Chapel was, not to exaggerate, simply superb. The manger, the centre of all this beauty, is surmounted by a rough bark shed, above which stands an angel holding a scroll upon which "*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*" is inscribed. A most perfect representation of clouds seemed, on Christmas night, to roll backward at the presence of this angel, who was encircled with the most intense light of the Chapel. The source was hidden, and the effect complete. The representation of the Divine Babe is sweet and simple. The Blessed Virgin kneels at the feet and St. Joseph at the head of the Crib, or rather at the left side. He presents with his right hand the sceptre of the House of David to the new-born King. Over a hundred little lamps burn in front of the Crib, and with the numerous beautiful banners, the rich plants and other adornments, the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception formed a fitting palace for the reception of the King of kings. Rev. Father Shortis, C. S. C., Chaplain of St. Mary's, celebrated Mass, and Rev. Father Toohy preached an eloquent sermon on the lesson taught by the Divine Babe of Bethlehem.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Misses B. Wilson, T. Pleins, C. Silverthorne, L. Kirchner, A. Harris, N. Keenan, M. Spier, N. Galen, G. Welch, A. Kirchner, A. Gordon, W. Dudley, M. Brown, J. Cooney, P. Gaynor, K. Hackett, M. Mullen, M. Danaher, K. Reardon, M. Way, B. Thompson, L. French, N. Hackett, A. Ewing, S. Rheindoldt, C. Boyce, M. Ewing, M. Plattenburg, L. Schwass, E. Tighe, L. Chilton, A. McKinnis, M. Cox, L. Wood, M. McFadden, E. Wooten.

HARMONY—Misses Wilson, T. Pleins, L. Kirchner.
ORGAN—Miss W. Dudley.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Sept. 24, 1877, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 20 p m; Buffalo 8 05 p.m.

11 05 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p m; Cleveland 10 10 p m; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

7 16 p m, Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Cleveland 10 10 p m; Buffalo 6 52 a. m.

9 12 p m, Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 10 a. m; Cleveland, 7 05 a m; Buffalo, 1 05 p m.

4 38 and 4 p m, Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a. m, Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a m, Chicago 5 40 a. m.

5 05 a. m, Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a m; Chicago 8 a. m.

4 38 p m, Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 30; Chicago, 7 40 p m.

8 02 a. m, Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a m; Chicago, 11 10 a. m.

8 45 and 9 25 a m, Way Freight.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Div., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

JUNE 24, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1, Fast Ex.	No. 7, Pac. Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburgh, Leave	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester, "	12.53 "	10.15 "	2.58 "	7.45 "
Alliance, "	3.10 A.M.	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville, "	4.46 "	2.30 "	7.12 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield, "	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline, Arrive	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestline, Leave	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.
Forest, "	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "
Lima, "	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.
Ft. Wayne, "	1.30 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "
Plymouth, "	3.45 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "
Chicago, Arrive	7.00 "	6.30 "	7.58 "

GOING EAST.

	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Pac. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago, Leave	9.10 P.M.	8.00 A.M.	5.15 P.M.
Plymouth, "	2.46 A.M.	11.25 "	9.00 "
Ft. Wayne, "	6.55 "	2.10 P.M.	11.35 "
Lima, "	8.55 "	4.05 "	1.30 A.M.
Forest, "	10.10 "	5.20 "	2.48 "
Crestline, Arrive	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.25 "
Crestline, Leave	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.30 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield, "	12.35 "	7.44 "	5.00 "	6.55 "
Orrville, "	2.30 "	9.38 "	7.10 "	9.15 "
Alliance, "	4.05 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester, "	6.22 "	1.21 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh, Arrive	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 "	3.30 "

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

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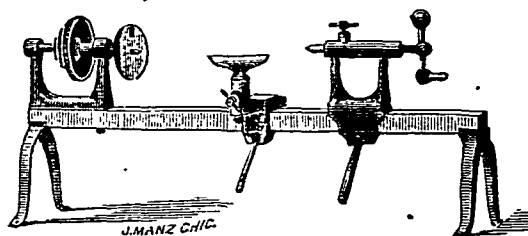
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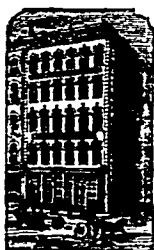
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Jan 5-3m

THE SUN.

1878.

NEW YORK.

1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

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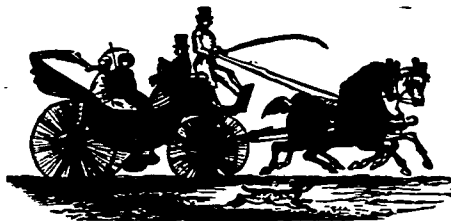
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Time Table—Nov. 11, 1877.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Night Express.
Lv. Chicago.....	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	3 45 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	9 28 "	11 10 "	6 20 "	7 35 "	11 15 "
" Niles	10 45 "	12 15 "	8 14 "	9 00 "	12 35 a.m.
" Kalamazoo..	12 35 p.m.	1 40 p.m.	10 00 "	10 26 "	2 17 "
" Jackson....	3 45 "	4 05 "	5 20 a.m.	12 50 a.m.	4 55 "
Ar. Detroit	6 45 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.		9 50 p.m.	6 20 p.m.
" Jackson....	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	9 40 "
" Kalamazoo..	1 15 p.m.	2 40 "	4 00 a.m.	2 53 "	2 25 a.m.
" Niles	3 11 "	4 07 "	6 10 "	4 24 "	12 38 "
" Mich. City..	4 40 "	5 20 "	7 50 "	5 47 "	4 15 "
Ar. Chicago.....	6 55 "	7 40 "	10 30 "	8 00 "	6 45 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.			*GOING SOUTH.		
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m.	6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m.	4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 "	6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 "	4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 "	7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 "	4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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